

THE PAGAN

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

A Heritage of Vengeance, the Son Without Hate and the Call of the Half-Wild in Polynesia.

It may be that some men can hold hatred in their hearts like a secret spring in a rock; that they actually do carry out feud and grievance and retributive vengeance after many years. But the men must be men of war and bitter strain—very different from Henry of Vitongo. He grew up under the shadow of an unsatisfied wrong without once swearing a vendetta or taking a blood oath.

Henry was half-Samoan—the gentlest, most tolerant and peaceable stock in all the jumbled races of this world. And Henry himself was the latest, most hopelessly easy-going and unconsidering youngster that ever drowsed and dreamed and played away the hours on the fringe of a jeweled beach. He had no hatred, only sunshine and laughter in his heart, Henry of Vitongo.

That was not all his name, of course. He had inherited the estate and the lawful designation of his father. In the garden of the ramshackle, ill-saw homestead—imported peach from Australia—stood a weather-beaten marble tomb—imported from Hawaii. Between the tomb and the lagoon that frothed in cream and blue, there it had stood for eighteen years; and from its ornately carved epitaph, the half-caste boy had first learned his letters:

HENRY GORDON SHOESMITH

b. Scotland 1847

d. Vitongo, Sept. 6, 1898.

"Every man's work shall be made manifest."

I. Cor. III

And underneath lay the original of the original—the tough old, far-wandering Scot, who had found home and family and fortune in this restful island nook; who had been brought to his last rest treacherously and terribly—slain by an unknown hand.

"Unknown," he it said at once, in the official sense only; for no person had ever been tried for the deed. "Unknown" would be more nearly exact; for in private talk, the murderer had been charged, tried and condemned long since.

"T'u is no paga," said Henry; which means, it is nothing, it is forgotten—it should not count. He climbed ashore and sat shaking the wet from his straight black hair and gleaming in the sun like a bronzed merman. "Eighteen years, that's a awful long time," said Henry of Vitongo.

His cousin Gordon scowled down at him. "A long time don't change the fact. If you was a man, Henry Shoesmith, this is a life of a man."

"Ah, that's it," smiled Henry quietly, without malice. "That's why—why I am only 'a man beside you.' A neat way of recalling that Gordon's mother had married a white; wherefore Gordon was a quarter-caste, college-taught in New Zealand, and wore celluloid shoes and satin ties and altogether composed himself with the dominant race."

"T'u is no paga," repeated Henry. The other bit his lip. It was his vehement annoyance that this graceless young scamp should have fallen into the best part of the Shoesmith possessions. It was almost equally annoying that the scamp should care so little to augment the family holdings, to deploy them with social graces, or even to protect them, as appeared. "Listen to me," he said, severely. "Everybody knows who killed your father. Everybody knows it was the same wicked, wicked man who is trying to throw away the rest of your land now."

Henry pillowed himself on the warm sand and continued to smile indolently out across the smiling bay.

"He will do it, too—unless you fight. He has bought up all the notes of your foolish borrowings in Apia and raised the amount by tricks and false claims. Oh, a cunning de-h-e-h-e! 'Ave you forgotten?' Gordon's voice fell a sinister note. "Your father had loaned him much money. Somebody—somebody—cut your father's throat as he slept, and thieved all those papers of those loans! Eh? And now this same man came again to r-r-rob you. Only this time he does not need to use a knife—Henry Shoesmith!"

"Henry Shoesmith; do you remember that knife?"

Something like a cloud passed over Henry's face; something like a shudder took him, as when a damp wind turns the breadfruit leaf. Did he not remember that knife? It was the substance of every evil vision he had had from childhood. He always saw it as it hung over his father's bed—a Malay kris, really, though Henry never knew it as such; one of the relics the shrewd old trader had gathered down as an island patriarch; a thing with a wavy blade and a handle set in a carved stone that glittered—glittered dreadfully. He always saw it glittering through a red mist since the morning when, as a mere toddler, he had been first to discover the tragedy.

"Listen. I know where that knife is kept! I know three men in Apia who have seen it. The stones are very valuable, and Joranson needs money again, as he did before—He has tried to sell it—Joranson the Dane!"

Still Henry made no response. "You could find that knife if you searched on board his trading cutter. . . . If you dared!" said Gordon, with a spurt of anger. "Tobi! But you do not dare. Even when Tobi is waiting for you. A beast! Tobi is Titi—the daughter of Joranson. She fears 'em, and every night he beats her with a bamboo stick. She is only waiting for some strong man to take her away from him. But she will not wait long for you when she knows you are a coward."

Henry sat up at last. "I am not a

coward," he said, stung into full-throated native speech. "I am sprung from the seed of Alipia. Nalletter—Alipia who died in the sea! He was a great chief of Samoa, and Samoans are not cowards!"

"Samoans are not cowards, but thou knowest what white folks say of them? They are quit-ter-ers," returned Gordon, bitterly. "They will not fight. They quit! They cannot carry through anything, even in their own day."

"And so it is with thee, who art no Samoan. What art thou? Only a fishman and a fool. Only a swimming and joking and idling while thy blood-enemy goes unslain and unpunished!"

"It is not for a Samoan to have a blood-enemy. It is not the custom of the country to slay anybody."

"It is the custom to ask justice! Only as nearest of kin you must ask the court yourself. . . . Come now, Henry, let me take your case," pleaded Gordon. "We can so easily prove that Joranson did it, and we can leave the killing to the English judge. He will have Joranson hanged by the neck. And then you can marry Titi—and Joranson's cutter and all that is Joranson's will be yours!" he added eagerly.

Henry lay back on the beach again with one arm thrown over to shade his brow. But while he regarded the visitor, in the pooled depths of his eyes ran a tiny flickering light which might have recalled which did recall—the temper of that able Scotch trader, his father.

"Gordon Shoesmith," he said, slowly, "go away. You are smart-man and lawyer-man. You are thinking if anything 'appens to me you will go to own Vitongo's share. Any 'ow if you stir up bloody row, you make me fight to keep Vitongo for you—eh? Listen, I am maybe fool, but I am not—fool! Go away, Gordon Shoesmith."

HENRY of Vitongo was that curious modern product—olden notions, the mid-way east and west, whose heritage swings between two pasts as wide apart as the poles. It was a remarkable share in the heritage, and the world's indirect tribute to a noble native race, that as a half-caste of Samoa he need never be ashamed of it.

Pride or race is so rare with mixed bloods; still rarer when granted by white to dark. Only among descendants of certain American Indian tribes or the Maoris and kindred Polynesian branches through the islands, will you find such pride held and acknowledged. And this was Henry's.

Not but he knew well enough the ways of a middle-class society—like Gordon and Gordon's womenfolk, who anxiously aped the manners of a money-making middle class.

To these striving relatives of Henry's many things seemed essential: invitations to Government House, land and profits who shot the pale of commerce. To Henry nothing in life seemed important except the living. It always had been so with him. Since his orphaned boyhood he had been a scandal to his kind. In his school days at the Marist Mission he had offered a sad problem to those earnest students who shot the pale of commerce. To Henry nothing in life seemed important except the living.

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Brother Leo had hit the truth. Henry of Vitongo was a born pagan. To ride the breaker, to chase the rainbow fish, to beguile the hours, nourished at nature's ripe breast and sleeping there without doubt or care—no books had taught him this; no books could teach him better. Accepting the white man's religion and the white man's deadly contract, but still he was at heart unchanged since a golden, older age; neither laboring, owning nor coveting; harming none, envying none and hating nobody—these Henry loved, too, and lovingly understood.

All of which was harmless enough, to be sure—all of which involved nothing more than the talk and the scandalousness of the faithful moment when he learned that he loved, and hopelessly loved, pretty Titi Joranson. . . .

"A beautiful girl is Titi, the daughter of Joranson the Dane. Every night he beats her with a bamboo stick. She only waits for a strong man to take her away from him. And now he was going to have to meet the crisis of life—to square life and love somehow with the reputed murderer of his father!"

Such was the case of Henry Shoesmith on this particular morning of his twenty-third year. It was not a good case, but it

finally drove him out of his dreams into making some sort of a show for himself.

He hurried to the big house. He donned a pair of dove-gray pants. He laid out a shirt with pearl buttons. Better still, from a battered cowhide trunk he unearthed old yellow shoes, a jacket of black alpaca and a venerable silk waistcoat sprigged with forget-me-nots. Once he had nearly strangled himself with a collar button and had set a warped straw hat to top the glory, he felt like an armored knight; very dutifully, indeed. Then he marched over to the store, where he relieved his Nius-bey clerk and sold three yards of calico for a total profit of ten pence half-penny and felt himself a business man.

The moral uplift sustained him all day long; until swift tropic night began to pour in against the land; until a lantern on Joranson's cutter cast a gleam of light on the sea. He crept down cautiously to avoid his dear cousin, Gordon—who doubtless would be watching and spying somewhere among the palm trees—and paddled out in his little outrigger proa on the dappling phosphorescence of the lagoon to achieve his destiny. Titi was waiting for him. Somehow, he had been sure that Titi would be waiting and he was glad, though inwardly quaking. In a way, this encounter was worse than the prospect of his ordeal with Joranson, a half-caste courtship is hedged with infinite ceremony, and he never had addressed actually a dozen words to his lady love. He could see her gown as a lighter patch there on the forward deck. So he put on his shoes—implements of torture, which he had saved to the last moment—and climbed aboard over the cutter's rail. "A good even" to you, Miss Joranson.

"Titi—Titi!" he cried, and would have reached to her. But his collar button nipped him in time. After all, it is hard to discard a gentlemanly training; he had come braced and belted in such gentlemanly style.

"Miss Joranson," he corrected. "You look around—this place—eh? He swept a stiff arm over the bay. "From shore to shore is Vitongo. You know?"

"Yes," she said, innocently. "Yes, Mister Shoesmith. I know. Vitongo. You like it?"

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes, Mister Shoesmith. It is very pretty. And very expensive."

"It gives me great pleasure," he stammered. "If you will accept my invoice—I mean—if you will do me the honor—"

As a matter of fact, Henry had not gone to the picture theater; neither had Titi gone to the dance. These were company conventions, to which they desperately clung today. Observed Henry, fanning himself. "Company is up again. I think there will be much money in the villages this season."

"Yes. And much gay time in Apia," agreed Titi. Two weddings will be soon—and a christening party."

As a matter of fact, business and parties were equally far from them; but they were saying the proper things.

On the broad horizon grew a faint halo, luminous with coming moonlight. It made a background for Titi's forehead. Higher yet hung two quivering points of radiance. Henry thought they must be fireflies caught in the dusky web of her hair. Then he saw they were stars, and presently, as a wonderful and very dear and very intimate revelation, they showed him her face.

A flawless face, of a beauty that would have matched a Real Madonna—the soft, rich, almost Latin beauty of her type. Henry knew its loveliness. But now as he looked down at the tremulous mouth, the glorious grey eyes uplifted and dwelling in his by the starlight—now in a dizzy sweep of tenderness he knew something else; her wistful appeal; her trouble that answered his own trouble—the same timid and passionate longing clouded with the same complex of doubts and misgivings and imposed restraints possessed each of them.

She wore a tight frock of some pink stuff. On her arms, smooth and firm as copper cast as flesh, and over her superb shoulders she had tied a woollen shawl. By one ear dangled a bunch of ribbon, and she went mincing in ballroom slippers—velvet with jet trimmings—the kind that knock about all the shovels of the Pacific in job-lot consignments for the colonial trade. Her whole splendid body, made for sun and freedom and the embrace of cresting seas, had been pinched and frilled and tricked out in a pathetic attempt at fashion.

With sudden enlightenment Henry recognized the pathos—not as another might have done, the absurdity of it; suddenly this girl who had



WITH A SNARL, HE DROVE AT HENLEY'S THROAT.

seemed an unattainable mystery seemed a mystery no more. She was so delightfully embarrassed; so exquisitely uncomfortable—it thrilled him. Surely her feet must hurt even worse than his own!

For Titi herself was just another product. She, too, had been taken as a child from her native mother and run through a mission. She, too, had submitted to the ideals of some gloomy suburb half a world away—like West Ham, perhaps, or Dulwich, or wherever the good sisters of the Papau Girls' School hail from; and she had not made more of it than Henry Shoesmith. He was aware of that at once, by voice and eye and the throb of a woman's breast—things not taught in missions. Surely, some time or other, somebody must have called her a little pagan, too!

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into slavery; he gave him credit and sold him into debt. And occasionally, when luck was kind, he caught some shiftless heir of one of his former foes and squeezed the life out of him with a very special satisfaction.

As in the case of Henry Shoesmith. "You were saying you owned something; and I was saying you did not. . . . Powerful—built on a huge, loose scaffolding of bone and muscle—he was still in steel-hard condition. Only his gray hair and his gray face betrayed him. He had a face gridded like a devil's, and slitted eyes with a cold spark in them.

"You'll find it by these papers," Henry remarked, as he tossed out a sheaf of documents on the tiny cabin table. "You don't own nothing. Them notes of yours went to protest, d'ye see? All you got to do is sign 'y'r assets to me—all assets," he added amiably.

Henry gasped. "You mean—Vitongo?"

"The whole outfit."

"What's the devil else did you expect?" Henry could hardly have told; but even with Gordon's warning he never had expected this. He never had thought of Vitongo itself as a piece of property—something you buy and sell. Vitongo was the land—his birthplace; the soil to which he belonged. It stunned him.

He wanted to resist. Uncounted centuries debarred him. He was the man of color, and against him stood the white man's power and backed by the white man's code. He was the predestined victim. He had no choice but to obey. In a sort of helpless trance.

But the worst was at the last, when the business was done, when the name had been signed.

"That'll be all, Henry. Just one thing while you go," Joranson bent a look on the boy like chill lightning. "Just one point. You got a devil of a nerve hanging around that kid of mine. Oh, I see 'y'; and you drop it, d'ye hear—or I'll skin you alive. She'll fetch a white husband any day. That girl—and by—, I'll have no more tarbrush in my family. Now you clear!"

Henry cleared. With that glance piercing his shoulder blades, with that final insult in his ears, he scuttled up the after-companion and stumbled on deck.

And there Titi met him again. Out to seaward the moon had swung high, the swelling moon of Samoan nights, like a vast, golden breadfruit in the sky. It gave light—light to show off silks and satins and tricked out finery and mincing steps, perhaps—plenty of light for grand manners. But Henry did not think of them; and neither, somehow, did Titi. She met him at once, her hands fluttering toward his, her lips breathing little phrases of pity.

He reached to her, and this time—collar button or no collar button—this time he did not draw away.

"Titi, Titi!" he whispered, with the appeal of shame and suffering. "I know," she soothed. "I know—I know. I was listening. But do not weep." Unconsciously they had

spoken in their liquid native tongue, surging for love and the low murmur of love, soft as the call of wild pigeons in the mating season. "Nay, weep not. I cannot bear that!"

Again he saw her face, so near to his, and again came to him the glory and the wonder of woman, loved and loving—the amazing revelation of it. "You heard? That it is also known to you that I have nothing any more, Titi. No house. No plantation. I am a beggar. I do not remember if I have even any claim on the clan of my dead mother. Perhaps her village would give me a home in charity—but that is all."

"I know," she repeated. "It makes no change. We have ourselves—thou and I." Very different was her speech now; very different its simple message, which struck back to its ultimate source. "No harm is done to us while we both live. Only tell me where you will go for shelter and what you mean to do. Be quick—before he stirs!"

HENRY looked down the ladder. The ogre was bused below at something. He looked to sea. The cutter had been anchored just inside the passage of the reef, in deep water; it was quiet outside—only an easy rolling of ground-swell. Last he looked toward the land; its shore a thin strip of silver a quarter mile off; its shoulders rising in a great silvered sweep from height to height, by coral and jungle and forest to the star-tipped basaltic peaks above. "Would you seek me out then? Would you follow?" he questioned eagerly.

"Perhaps," she smiled a little, shyly. "But I would be sure you are safe."

With one arm he caught her close to him. They did not kiss; that was curious, unknown to the east, is still a curious invention of the west. But he felt the heat of her heart against his, tripping twice as fast as his own—a marvelous fact. "Turn your eyes to Vitongo, yonder," he said. "Do you see the shape of that big candiant tree on the hill? No. Not beside my house. Away to the right. Do you see the cloud of its many blossoms—pale and clustering?"

"Yes," she answered, near his cheek. "Up past that tree runs a ravine. It is wild and rocky and overgrown. Few have ever climbed it. But I know the path, and up beyond the palms—beyond the taro and the banana groves—is a flat place in the mountain-side. There as a child I once built me a little fane for a playhouse; a hut—hidden among the vines. There one is always safe."

"Nobodies comes so far. Nobodies can ever find us. We can live on the sweet mountain fruits and water in the brooks, taking nothing that belongs to any one—staying all to ourselves—thou and I." Very different was this courtship; very different the offer he made, "Titi—let us go there!"

"Now?"

He nodded.

"But my father would kill us! He would see us going." She gestured forward where Henry's proa was tied, past the forward cabin hatch. "He will stop us."

"I do not mean that way."

"How then?"

He pointed across the bay. She drew a quick breath as she understood. "There may be sharks?"

"What do we care for sharks—we two?" he demanded.

As an instant they clung—while the splendor of the thought gained and glowed in them—while they waited, palpating, on the urge of it. Came a warning sound from the cabin. Henry gripped the neckband of his expensive shirt. Titi's arm slid with a start of ripping stuffs.

"Make haste!"

Also for the true ladies of Papau School; also, alas, for the prim young gentlemen of the Marist Mission! Alas for high heels and waistcoats sprigged with forget-me-nots; for ribbons and shawls and frills and fal-lals and the dove-gray suit of fashion; and once more alas for the polite teachings of West Ham, the uplift of the rule of three and the "Book of Sacred Gems" and many other things so very, very essential to morals and imported propriety. All forgotten. All abandoned within three seconds! Only the moon and the stars were unveiled faces. But the moon was a Samoan moon; the mellowest, most tolerant and kindly scamp of a moon—quite used to beaming on youth and lovers since a golden, older age. It stared with all its might on Vitongo bay and never blushed at all.

But perhaps, with a certain whimsy, perhaps it might have smiled to see those two youngsters kicking free so earnestly and eagerly—emerging from their fiery at last, a pair of superb, silver-bronzed chrysalides, clad in their own native garb—Henry with his killed lava-lava and Titi with her dainty abul. Thereafter, it had a parting glimpse of them for just a wink as they stood hand in hand at the cutter's stern—ere they went overboard into the warm yielding sea.

The clean, double scoop of their dive raised a startled challenge behind them. Followed hasty footsteps upon the ladder and presently one comprehensive rear of rage exploded over Vitongo. From the rail Joranson

made out their two dark heads, surging for shore. His dingly still lay on deck, but he did not wait to launch it. Darting down through the cabin, he came forward at a jump and cut the lashing of Henry's outrigger canoe. The fugitives were hardly a hundred feet to the good when he began to dig out. Few persons had ever succeeded in getting much of a lead on Joranson.

WHEN the pursuer dashed into their cover the retreat. But he need not have bothered. Joranson wanted something he could hit soon and hit hard; Joranson took after him first of all. The proa bore down on Henry in hissing spurts of foam and the opening of that affray was a vicious swipe with a paddle.

Henry ducked—came up out of reach. Joranson whirled like a water-beetle and struck again, and again. Henry slipped from under. This was sport for a fisherman. He could have played it all night. Each time he drew the chase farther aside from Titi. It kept him cheered to think that Titi was drawing away with every stroke. But there was very little cheer next instant to encounter Titi herself gliding back almost into his arms. To find their whole plan shattered. To hear her despairing cry: "The sharks, Henry! The sharks are coming! Look out for the sharks!"

Between them and the belted dark there passed a phantom—the merest phosphorescent presence through the water. No mistaking that lean, long ghost. No mistaking the cruel wedge of a fin that gleamed at the same time and as Henry instinctively lifted Titi inshore from them. Joranson sped it almost as soon as they did, and his jubilant bellow confirmed it. Here was the sort of amusement that suited Joranson—the sort of punishment he might have planned himself. He dropped his paddle and got to his feet, and as Henry instinctively lifted Titi toward the proa for support and escape from the greater terror, he slashed at them.

Bleeding, stupefied, Henry blinked up at him. Joranson held a singular object. He had a weapon in his fist; a thing with a wavy blade and a hilt set in colored stones that glittered—glittered dreadfully above them. Henry saw it. Henry knew it. It was the substance of every evil dream he had had since childhood—it was the Malay kris with which Henry Gordon Shoesmith had been slain! And at the same time beyond the looming figure of the murdered—over yonder on Vitongo shore, between the jungle and the lagoon—at the same time he saw a mailed shaft like a nail, accusing finger in the moonlight, the tomb of Henry Gordon Shoesmith, on which was graven, as he knew so well, the letters of that prophetic epitaph:

"Every man's work shall be made manifest."

"Keep off, I tell you! By—, you try your tarbrush tricks on me—try 'em on the devil! With horrible mirth—Joranson slashed once more. Then he saw Henry's proa. It was bound to happen. Something snapped in Henry's breast. Some pent reserve seemed to burst and to flood through every vein—some secret spring of his being. He stiffened in the water, tense and tingling, and in a voice which might have recalled— which did recall—the tempest of that tough old Scotch trader, his father, he drove at Henry's throat, point foremost. Henry warded. They met, locked and went under in a spangled smother. The rest was convulsion.

The two went reeling through a dim immensity; three fathoms deep where the shadowy corals lay, back to the surface in a furious spatter of sea-fire. As they rose, Henry called to Titi to take to the wrecked canoe. He had a glimpse of her clinging there—safe. After that he gave himself to the job on hand—exultantly.

With his right arm he hung about the enemy's neck. With the other he unveiled faces. He did not strike a blow. He did not need to. All he required was the knife, the pledge of destiny and of victory with which—once he had won it, once he had wrested it from Joranson's falling grip—he could meet and scatter a dozen sharks.

Gordon was there to greet them. Naturally, Gordon was there, who so momentarily excited from his long, spying vigil on Vitongo strand. "What was it? What 'appened?" he cried. His sharp little eyes roved from Henry to Titi in stricken astonishment as they stepped ashore, dripping from the righted proa. "I heard something. Where is Joranson? Did you 'ave an accident?"

"Yes," said Henry, quietly. "An accident. The sharks, you understand."

"You mean they got 'im!" Joranson's tone rose to a squeal of dismay. "But in that case—but if that is so—!" He saw all his schemes ruined—all his hopes of Vitongo overwhelmed in Henry's incredible good fortune. "Ah, no—no,"

he added, suspiciously. "You let 'im down. You will 'ave to explain."

Henry smiled. Having done his best to be a half-caste that memorable night—having actually been a white man for a brief, tremendous moment—he was now, and at last, and for time to come, a Samoan. With a contemptuous gesture, he flicked the Malay kris into the sand at Gordon's feet. The quarter-caste snatched it up and clutched it to him. "It is very valuable!" he panted.

"Keep it," said Henry, thereby sealing the silence of this smart, black-mailing cousin of his forever.

"But still what are you going to do?" whined Gordon. "We must lay information of some kind."

"Perhaps," said Henry of Vitongo. "Tomorrow is time enough. For tonight—t'u is no paga." With the girl he turned away; already they were heading back into the night where the soft cymballing of palm-fronds made bridal music and pigeons murmured sleepy love notes under the accompaniment of the moon. "T'u is no paga," said Henry, which means it is forgotten—it should not count.

(Copyright, 1924.)

The Panorama Camera.

THERE is a panorama camera capable of photographing the whole sweep of the horizon on one film. It is built like the ordinary panorama camera in that it makes a strip picture of a scene. The film is noticeably longer than it is wide, but there the resemblance ceases. In the ordinary panorama camera machine the lens, set on a pivot, swings slow or fast, as the operator chooses, throwing a brush of light across the film until the whole arc of its field is covered.

With the improved camera, the whole box works. In the back, circular in shape, crowns the tripod. Similar cogs on the under side of the box play in these and carry the camera in a complete circle, or such part of it as the photographer may wish to use. The camera is driven around the turntable by clockwork.

Inside the camera, in the back, are two spools, as in most film cameras. On one of these spools the roll of film, sixteen feet long and ten inches to a foot in width, is placed. A strip of black paper eighteen inches long extends from the loose end of this roll of film, across the back of the box to the other spool. Both these spools are actuated by another clockwork, which unwinds the full spool and winds it on the other one, keeping both at exactly equal rates of speed, so that there is no buckling or other interference with the film.

This strip of film then moves in an opposite direction to that which the box takes in its revolution round the tripod turntable. The lens is stationary and ends in a narrow, perpendicular slit ten inches high and less than a quarter of an inch in width. This points as with a brush, a bar of even light across the film, giving an equal exposure to all parts—in fact, the back end of a lens of this kind, in photographic parlance, is called a "brush."

Thus prepared the photographer takes off the "loaded" back side of the machine, in which the film is protected by a slide that closes automatically, presses a button and a ground-glass focusing screen slides up into place. On this he focuses the picture as with an ordinary bellows machine, replaces his film carrier and is ready to take the picture.

But no, he is not ready! He must first figure the speed at which the lens and the box are to move round the section of a circle which he wishes to photograph. Having done this, he figures at what speed the film shall move across the back of that camera, also in motion, so as to produce a clear, full negative. Poor focus, underlining, overlining and uneven exposure all must be eliminated. In short, this sort of panorama photography is no game for the man in a hurry.

When the camera has completed the whole circle, or the segment for which it is set, the clockwork stops automatically and the shutter closes in the flash of an eye. A film sixteen feet long or any fraction thereof can be made at one exposure by this really remarkable machine.

Senegal's Giant Tree.

IT is reported that at Dakar, in Lower Senegal, is an enormous baobab tree, whose trunk measures fully seventy-five feet in circumference at the base. The fruit of the baobab, which grows abundantly in Senegal, is called "monkey bread." It is used by the natives for certain diseases. Decoctions of the dried leaves are also used as medicine. From the bark strong cords are made and the gum that exudes from it is employed as a salve. The root of the young baobab is sometimes eaten by the natives.